He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue *Plantagenet*,
The Princely Nource was strooke dead by thee.
Cla. My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage,
1. Thy brothers loue, the Deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murther thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for need, goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship,
Bid Gloucester thinke on this, and he will weepe,
Am. I, milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.
Cla. O, doe not slander him for he is kind.
1. Right, as snow in harueſt, thou deceiuſt thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murther thee.
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.
1. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God for murthering me?
Ah sirs consider, he that set you on
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede.

2. What shall we doe?
Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.
1. Relent, tis cowardly, and woman
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauag
My friend, I spie some pittie in your
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and intreat
A begging Prince, what begger pitt
1. I thus, and thus: if this will not
Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in
2. A bloodie deede, and desprately
How faine like Pilate would I wash n
Of this most grieuous guiltie murde
1. Why doest thou not helpe me
By heauen the Duke shall know how
2. I would he knew that I had saue
Take thou the fee, and tell him wha
For I repent me that the Duke is slai
1. So do not I, goe coward as thou
Now must I hide his body in some h
Vntill the Duke take order for his b
And when I haue my meed I must av
Fot this will out, and here I must not
Enter King, Queene, Hastings
King. So, now I haue done a good
You peeres continue this vnited leag
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me
And now in peace my soule shall par
Since I haue set my friend at peace o
Riuers and Hastings, take each othe
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare y
Ri. By heauen my heart is purgd f
And with my hand I seale my true h
Hast. So thriue I as I sweare the li
King. Take heede you dally not be
Least he that is the supreame King o
Confound your hidden falshood, an
Either of you to be the others end.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)